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**SIXTEEN-PAGE ALCOGRAVURE
PICTURE SECTION**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DE W. C. WARD

LINCOLN

The birthday of the great President, February 12, makes appropriate the printing of the above picture of Saint-Gaudens's fine statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago. Many critics regard this statue as perhaps the most satisfying work of the kind in existence. In connection with this anniversary attention is called to the article in this issue by H. S. Nadal entitled "Abraham Lincoln : Some Recollections and Comparisons"

The more experienced feminists insist that better educational and vocational opportunities for girls and women are all that is needed. They therefore propose that the working-girl shall be given one more year of compulsory school attendance, and that the number of vocational schools for girls shall be increased. The *Bund deutscher Frauenvereine* has instructed its local branches to work for continuation schools for girls and has drawn up plans for making these schools compulsory. It has declared that the Lyceum, the type of school attended by the daughters of the well-to-do, must "educate girls in the feeling of responsibility and the sense of duty. The tendency to frivolity and dilettanteism must be discouraged. The school must point out that the customary stopping at home without a serious occupation or real employment is bad for the character, and that occupational training is better for the

future wife and mother than a planless leisure without duties."

It is commonly assumed that women lack the fighting instinct and have lacked it from the beginning. Certainly this is not true of the ancient Teutonic woman, the *Urweib*, who fought side by side with her bearded mate in incessant tribal wars. History tells us that the Roman armies had to defeat the women after they had defeated the men. The German legends of Brunhilda, the powerful wrestler, reflect the tremendous prowess of these prehistoric mothers. It took many centuries for their daughters to forget the scent of the conflict and learn the rôle of the non-combatant. But they have learned the lesson well. While the old Siegfried is still hacking his way through the forest of the past, the new Brunhilda is advancing uninterruptedly along the highroad of the future.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND COMPARISONS

BY E. S. NADAL

Lincoln died on April 15, 1865, about a half-century ago. But every new birthday celebration (that of this week takes place one hundred and seven years after Lincoln's birth) brings out new stories and new studies of his personality and character. Mr. Nadal, the author of the following article, was graduated from Yale in 1864 and served for a number of years in the American diplomatic service. He was Secretary of the United States Legation in London for periods beginning in 1870 and 1877. Among his best-known books are "Impressions of Social Life" and "Notes of a Professional Exile." His wide knowledge of men and things has given him a fund of anecdote and comment.—THE EDITORS.

I—LINCOLN AND STANTON

I AM indebted to a friend, who was not one of Lincoln's admirers, for the following:

"When the last call for troops was made and a conscription ordered, the proportion assigned to the city of New York was some thousands in excess of what some people believed to be our legal liability, and our Committee on Volunteering were certain they could prove this if they could have access to the books of the War Department. The Committee—Orison Blunt, John Fox, Smith Ely, and William M. Tweed—went to Washington and asked Secretary Stanton's per-

mission to examine the records, which was brusquely refused on the pretext that the books were in constant use. The Committee then went to the White House and saw Lincoln in his private office. After asking them to be seated, he resumed his chair, in which he sat partly on his back, with his heels literally on the mantelpiece. His linen bosom was unbuttoned, exposing his red flannel shirt. He was told that we had furnished, in excess of previous calls, more than enough to exempt us from the present call, which we would prove if we could have access to the records for any two hours during the night when they were not in use. He

was also assured that in no event would a conscription be needed in New York, as we were getting fifty volunteers daily, and a short postponement of the draft would enable us to supply all the demands, just or unjust. He listened with an expression of profound sadness, and said he thought the request a reasonable one, but he feared if the order for a draft was postponed volunteering would cease. He said that a similar committee from Cincinnati had applied to him for a postponement of the draft, as they were getting twenty volunteers a day. It was done, and the day following not a single volunteer appeared. 'That,' said Lincoln, 'is human nature. When you think death is after you, you run; but as soon as death stops, you stop.' At this he sprang from his chair, throwing his arms about, and laughed loudly at his own dismal joke. Lincoln gave the New York Committee a note to Stanton, substantially as follows:

"*Dear Secretary*—These gentlemen from New York ask only what I think is right. They wish access to the records, with two accountants, for two hours at any time to-night. I have told them that they may have double that time.

"Yours, A. LINCOLN.

"They took the note to Stanton, who handed it to Frye. The latter glanced at it, and, saying, 'Take seats,' left the office. In a few minutes he returned and said, curtly: 'The order is annulled; you can't see the books.' The Committee withdrew and returned to New York the next forenoon. The clerk of the Committee, Eugene Durbin, said that late in the evening an army officer with two orderlies called at the Committee's rooms and presented the chairman with a note, which read as follows: 'The Secretary of War expects to be informed that the Committee on Volunteering from the County of New York have left Washington prior to noon to-morrow.' The Committee, after their return, said it was Stanton, and not Lincoln, who was President of the United States."

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this—Mr. Smith Ely, a former Mayor of New York and a Member of Congress—was a Democratic political leader of war times, and, although one of the most amiable and kind-hearted of men, had of course to some degree the feelings regarding Lincoln shared by the men who in those days frequented the Manhattan Club. He does not see much point in Lincoln's remark about death

and the draft. To me the point seems clear enough. "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be," etc. Nor will the reader conclude with the Committee that Stanton was President and not Lincoln. Stanton was a man of great administrative ability, a kind of human dynamo, such as you could hardly duplicate in the country, a patriot and honest man besides. As long as the issue was one of no great importance (which seems to have been the case here) Lincoln let him have his way.

Stanton was probably the greatest man in civil life produced by the war, of course after Lincoln. My earliest recollection of him is seeing him at the trial of Sickles for the murder of Key, which took place when I was a boy at school in Washington. He was one of Sickles's counsel. The acquaintance which Sickles formed at that time with Stanton was in part the cause of Sickles's success as a soldier in the Civil War. Stanton advanced and supported him. I remember at the trial a thick-set man with a heavy beard who sat behind the other lawyers, and who would occasionally interpolate a remark in a gruff voice. He had that physical build which is said to be one of the best for strength—very broad shoulders and deep chest, a large body set on short, stout legs. He had herculean powers of labor. I suppose he was honest, but I do not suppose that he was an over-scrupulous man. He would have been out of place as War Minister if he had been. When some one complained to him of General Meigs, who was one of his subordinates, he said: "Now don't say anything against Meigs; he's the best man I have; he is a soldier, and can do things which I as a lawyer find it hard to do." One wonders what the things were that Stanton would not do.

I am able to make only one original contribution to the history of Stanton. A young girl once told me this incident about him: The reader, of course, knows Coleridge's poem beginning—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

This girl's father was a client and a great friend of Stanton's, and she used to make long visits to Stanton's family during the war. She was a pretty girl and a belle of those days. She said that Stanton worked all the time and that the only relaxation he allowed himself was that on Sunday afternoon for an hour or so he would

read poetry to her, and she told me that the poem he read oftenest and with the greatest pleasure was "All thoughts, all passions, all delights."

II—LINCOLN AND FORESIGHT

It is strange that Lincoln, with his thoughtfulness, should not have in some degree foreseen the approach of secession and war. He had been in Congress and must have known the Southern people fairly well. He was undoubtedly a foreseeing kind of man. No one saw more clearly than he did that the country could not continue to exist "half free and half slave." It seems strange, therefore, that he had not some notion of what was coming. But who does foresee what is ahead? Benjamin Franklin was a foreseeing kind of man, one would suppose. He spent a number of years in France before the Revolution, knew the country well, and was on intimate terms with the leading people of France. He remained there till 1785. In eight years from that time the King's head was off; and yet the wise, observant, thoughtful, and presumably far-sighted Franklin never seems in the least to have suspected what was coming. The French Revolution would indeed have been very difficult to foresee, as perhaps our Civil War was in a less degree. But there are other things not so difficult to know beforehand which are not foreseen. I was in the House of Commons one night during the Franco-Prussian War when Vernon Harcourt, who was at that time unconnected with the Government, accused the Government of shortsightedness in not foreseeing the war, implying that he had foreseen it. Robert Lowe, an extremely clever man, got up to answer for the Government, and said: "Because the gentleman foresaw this war, he thinks that everybody else should have been as clever as he was. I am free to say, however, that the whole thing was a complete surprise to me." Men are always too busy with present matters to bother with what is problematical. Take the case of the present war. Half a dozen European nations have each been holding for forty years a loaded pistol with the finger on a hair-trigger, and yet how surprised we were when, in the lapse of time, one of the pistols went off. Much had been said about "the next war," but have we not put the prophecies regarding it in much the same category as that of the destruction of the world by fire? The ancients, in their deep, attentive knowledge

of human nature, said that the gods bestowed upon Cassandra the gift of prophecy, but they coupled the gift with the condition that her prophecies should not be believed. Is that not so of all prophets? They are always regarded as bores or cranks.

There were, however, some prescient souls who did foresee our great struggle. Webster, no doubt, had some prevision of that conflict in which his only son was to die—"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven," etc. Mr. S. J. Tilden said to John Bigelow some years before the war: "If Mr. Bryant and those who think as he does succeed in what they are about, the streets of this city will run red with blood." They did run red during the draft riots, much redder than is commonly understood. Mr. Loyall Farragut tells me that his father, Admiral Farragut (then Captain Farragut), and he were on the balcony of the old Metropolitan Hotel in Broadway one night in 1858 and were looking at a Republican torchlight procession, when his father said: "I don't like these marching men. It looks to me like war."

My father had a friend, John Heart, who was a Federal office-holder at Washington under Buchanan. He was from South Carolina and had been the editor of the Charleston "Mercury." He came to pay us a visit in Brooklyn in the summer of 1860. He had just been in Charleston, and, from what he told us, we could have no doubt that South Carolina would secede if Lincoln were elected. I had been lately much in the South, and, although only seventeen years old, knew enough of the temper and characteristics of the Southern people to be aware that, secession once started, it would be very difficult to prevent the spread of it. But youth is sanguine and precipitate. I wanted to see the power of slavery curtailed, and was willing to take the chances; and other boys and young men felt as I did.

Calhoun, perhaps the most prescient of American statesmen, foresaw the struggle and wanted to bring on the war before the strength of the rapidly growing North should prove too great to be withstood by the South. The scheme of the North should have been to put off the struggle as long as possible for the same reason. If Calhoun saw what was for the interest of the South, it should not have required superhuman intelligence on the part of the North to see where its interests lay. No one, however, at the North

seemed to see this point quite as sharply defined as Calhoun did. But there were those in the North who saw that great danger, perhaps disunion and war, would follow anti-slavery agitation, and who wished to adhere to the *status quo*, preferring postponement and the chances of the future to the present probabilities of secession and war.

But would it have been possible, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to put off the war? If Douglas, the marplot, or demagogue, or egotist, or whatever he was, could have been suppressed, it might have been possible to postpone the war for four or eight years, or even longer. But with the repeal once passed, and Pandora's box open, and the newspapers and all the poets and orators hounding the country on to war, was it possible to do it? You cannot teach tact and discretion to twenty millions of people. One night in Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, a few weeks before John Brown's execution—so a friend told me who was there—Wendell Phillips, a Massachusetts man, said: "The State proclamations of Massachusetts conclude with the words, 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts;' but if Massachusetts allows John Brown to be hanged, I say, 'God damn the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.'" The effect of this spoken to a vast, crowded, and sympathetic audience with the utmost passion by a perfectly honest fanatic, who was at the same time an incomparable orator, may be easily conceived. When such incidents were possible, war could not be far off. If the war was to come, Lincoln was the perfect and apparently Heaven-appointed leader, and it was perhaps fortunate that he was no wiser in advance than he was.

III—WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

We are fortunate to have had in our short career two such characters as Washington and Lincoln. England has had only one, Alfred. Washington was, of course, a man of much less salient characteristics than Lincoln. The young Chastellux found "his distinction to be in the harmonious blending of his characteristics rather than in the existence of marked special qualities." So he has always seemed to his countrymen, but he probably had more pronounced qualities than we have supposed. Albert Gallatin said that of all the inaccessible people he ever knew, Washington was the most inaccessible. Gallatin, however, knew him as a young man

and was not by way of knowing him well. That could not have been the opinion of the farmer Burns, a neighbor of Washington, who once said to him, "Where would you have been if the widow Custis hadn't married you?"

There grew up an idea that Washington was colorless. Carlyle, for instance, said of him that "George was just Oliver with the juice left out." That is, of course, untrue. He is not so visible as Lincoln, has not Lincoln's gift of familiarity. In order to get a clear idea of him we should have to follow him more closely than it would be necessary to do with Lincoln. But as we did so, we should of course find him a man of marked qualities. I have always found that men are more individual than they are thought to be. As you look at them closely, marked traits begin to define themselves. It would be so in the case of this great man. I am sure also that as we followed him closely we should grow very fond of him. We should perhaps find him pleasanter company than Lincoln. For one thing, he was handsome; he had a person worthy to be the tenement of a mind and character as great as his. Washington, however, had not at all a great opinion of himself. He does not seem to have set even a fair estimate upon his own powers. Says one who has made a study of him: "There seems to be no doubt that to the day of his death he was the most determined skeptic as to his fitness for the positions to which he was called in succession." That we know was not Lincoln's feeling. Lincoln probably knew perfectly well what he was.

Washington had not in the least Lincoln's humor. One of Washington's foibles, by the way, was a disposition to shine as a wit, a disposition which was a source of disturbance to his admirers, some of whom had come overseas to set eyes upon the most illustrious man of his age. But you and I find this and his other foibles pleasant, because they bring him nearer to us.

Washington was himself of a happy disposition. He appreciated the good things of this world. He was a mundane person, and there is something cheerful in that. Thackeray hinted that in his marriage he was not insensible to the fact that the widow Custis had a hundred thousand dollars—a great sum in those days. People here were indignant at the suggestion when it was made. I am indignant myself, and yet the promptitude with which his heart

declared itself when he saw the widow, taken in connection with the fact that the other lady for whom he entertained a tender sentiment, Miss Phillipse, was also an heiress, does look as if he had his wits about him. But why object to this? It was in character. Why object to what is in character, and why hesitate to recognize it?

Both Lincoln and Washington were men from the farm and the country; both were physically strong men. Washington was six feet three. Lafayette said of him that his hands were the largest he ever saw. He was a skillful horseman. People said that scarcely any one had such a grip with his knees as he had. He could ride anything; all that he asked of a horse was that he should go forward. He had a passion for horses; of this the following incident is an illustration. Like most men who have accomplished much, he believed there was a right and a wrong way of doing things, and he had a strong feeling that they should be done the right way. A tradition, which I have had from a lady connected with Washington's family and which I have not seen in print, is that he would go into the stable and pass a silk handkerchief over the coats of the horses; if he found dust on the handkerchief, the groom would catch it!

Both Washington and Lincoln were prudent men in money matters. In Washington's case this story may be related as an instance. I have seen several versions of it. The following will do as well as any: Young Mr. Lewis was dining at Mount Vernon. Washington said he was looking for a pair of horses. Some one said that Mr. Lewis had a fine pair. Lewis said: "Yes, I have a good pair, but they will cost something, and General Washington will never pay anything." At that the clock on the mantelpiece struck. It was a cuckoo clock, the gift, perhaps, of some European admirer. (This story will illustrate as well Washington's propensity to make bad jokes.) The cuckoo came out and crowed the hour. Washington said: "Ah, Lewis, you're a funny fellow; that bird is laughing at you."

There is one difference between Washington and Lincoln which is characteristic and important. Washington was an aristocrat; an upright, downright English gentleman, much resembling the Englishmen of the revolution of 1688, which was a Protestant gentlemen's revolution. He was an aristocrat, but with a difference. A fine gentleman of that day would probably have thought him a countryman. I saw lately that Josiah

Quincy, who had known him, said that he gave the impression of a man who had not been much in society. I should think that that was true. One has an impression that he was, in a noble way, a rustic. He was an English country gentleman, with a little of Sir Roger de Coverley about him. But he was much more than that. On this basis there was superposed something of Leatherstocking and something of Cincinnatus.

But he was essentially an aristocrat. Read his letters, and you will see that the tone of them is unmistakably aristocratic. He belonged to a world of classes, a world in which the existence of classes was the natural and inevitable order of things. But a new society was about to grow up, and it was right that this society should have its great man. In the older society the feeling of the upper class was one of marked separation from the common people. The feeling of that class was, consciously or unconsciously, that it was the business of the poor to be unhappy. A great man of the old time could not altogether escape this feeling. There had been plenty of good and kind rulers in the past, but their feeling in regard to the common people could not be the same as if they had themselves been of that class. Lincoln, on the other hand, was of that class. In him we have a great man unlike the good rulers of the past, not a Haroun-al-Raschid mixing with his people, or an Alfred burning the cakes, but the real thing. The fact that he was from that class, that he belonged to it not only by birth and experience, but by nature (for birth would not have been sufficient if it had not been that in his heart and his profound sympathies he was a democrat to the core), was an important element of his fame.

Of course it is Lincoln's power of sympathy that attracts men. But that would not of itself have been enough. What endears Lincoln especially to men is the union of sympathy with faith and great strength. It is very unusual to find these qualities united. In the list of English and American worthies I can think of but one other who was like him in this respect. I mean Dr. Johnson. Scott had this union of qualities, although in a less degree; and I have sometimes had a fancy, if there be not a certain temerity in the suggestion, that you might descry some such association of characteristics in the vast and vague personality that lies remote and in shadow behind the writings of Shakespeare.

But in Lincoln and Johnson it is clear and marked, and it is the reason of their great power of winning affection. Men wish to attach themselves to such characters. The thought of each man is, "He would have been my friend."

The peculiar character of Lincoln's genius also was in part the cause of his power of winning our affection. No great public man has had such strong human intuitions. Certainly no man in our history is his equal in that respect.

It appears from the recent life of Hay that it took Lincoln's secretaries a year or more to find out that their chief was a great man, and that they found it out before other people did. In talking with people who knew Lincoln be-

fore the war, most of whom are now gone, it has always been easy for me to see that they thought the modern notion of him extravagant. They may have had some jealousy of him, or may have felt something of pique and vexation that they had not been clever enough to find out all this for themselves, but that was what they thought. Of course they were too prudent to say that, but you could see it in their faces. The devotion of the people of this country to Lincoln is, however, not merely a matter of opinion. He has got hold of their hearts as no other American ever did, not even Washington, and he has held them for fifty years, and there is no indication that this sentiment is on the wane.

WATER POWER¹

BY HUGH L. COOPER

The author of this article is a well-known hydraulic engineer. His best-known work is the great hydroelectric plant on the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Iowa. He speaks with experience, knowledge, and authority on the subject of water power.—THE EDITORS.

To gather the streams from waste and to draw from them energy, labor without brains, and so to save mankind from toil that it can be spared, is to supply what, next to intellect, is the very foundation of all our achievements and all our welfare.

—From a decision handed down by Justice Holmes in the United States Supreme Court on January 24, 1916.

THE strength of any nation can in a large degree be measured by the intelligence shown in the development of its natural resources. While the United States is endowed with a great natural resource in its water powers, only about thirty per cent of our water powers have been developed, and the remaining seventy per cent are lying idle, and practically no new developments have been inaugurated in the last seven years. The question arises, What is the matter? A reply would seem to comprehend some historical data, the value of these resources to the public, how to secure these values, and what results may be reasonably expected if the industry is restored to a healthy state of growth.

Water power as a provider of human necessity is an agency several thousand years of age, but more progress in its use has been

¹ See editorial on this subject on another page.

made in the last twenty-five years than in all of the time that has gone before. Present-day industrial and economic standards have made power a public necessity, and invention, notwithstanding all its losses and failures, continues to furnish new facilities for our needs at a rate which makes intelligent realization of them an impossibility. For example, the modern use of water power has become possible only through the instrumentality of much intricate and special apparatus. One instance is the present-day hydraulic governor, which is an indispensable factor in any hydroelectric plant, though representing only about one per cent of its cost. Its function, as its name indicates, is to control, which it does automatically and instantly. It regulates the amount of water delivered to the water-wheel to suit the various conditions imposed by the consumer. It has cost fifteen years of time and around two millions of money to perfect this governor. All of the apparatus and parts constituting the remaining ninety-nine per cent cost of a hydroelectric plant would serve for approximately similar illustration, and the scrap piles in the wake of their development and perfection are monuments